

Don't Let
Yellow Fever
Get the Best of You,
but get the best of it. Supply yourself with
ample fumigation necessities, such as
Sulphur, Sulphur Candles, Etc.,
or with necessary preventatives,
Oil of Citronella and the Original Bosso.

...HOOTON'S PHARMACY...

PHONE 1100
THE BIRTH PLACE OF PROMPT DELIVERY.
OPEN ALL NIGHT.

**The Return of
SHERLOCK
HOLMES**

By A. CONAN DOYLE,
Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,"
"The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign
of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED
BY F. D. STEELE

(Continued From Page 3.)

will call you early tomorrow morning, and you and I will try if we can throw some little light upon the mystery."

The day was just breaking when I woke to find the long, thin form of Holmes by my bedside. He was fully dressed and had apparently already been out.

"I have done the lawn and the bicycle shed," said he. "I have also had a ramble through the Ragged Shaw. Now, Watson, there is cocoa ready in the next room. I must beg you to hurry, for we have a great day before us."

His eyes shone, and his cheek was flushed with the exhilaration of the master workman who sees his work ready before him. A very different Holmes this active, alert man from the introspective and pallid dreamer of Baker street. I felt as I looked upon that supple figure, alive with nervous energy, that it was indeed a strenuous day that awaited us.

And yet it opened in the blackest disappointment. With high hopes we struck across the peaty, russet moor, intersected with a thousand sheep paths, until we came to the broad, light green belt which marked the morass between us and Holderness. Certainly if the lad had gone home-ward he must have passed this, and he could not pass it without leaving his tracks. But no sign of him or the German could be seen. With a darkening face my friend strode along the margin, eagerly observant of every muddy stain upon the mossy surface. Sheep marks there were in profusion, and at one place, some miles down, cows had left their tracks. Nothing more.

"Check number one," said Holmes, looking gloomily over the rolling expanse of the moor. "There is another morass down yonder, and a narrow neck between. Hello! Hello! Hello! What have we here?"

We had come on a small black ribbon of pathway. In the middle of it, clearly marked on the sodden soil, was the track of a bicycle.

"Hurrah!" I cried. "We have it!"

But Holmes was shaking his head, and his face was puzzled and expectant rather than joyous.

"A bicycle, certainly, but not the bicycle," said he. "I am familiar with forty-two different impressions left by tires. This, as you perceive, is a Dunlop, with a patch upon the outer cover. Helldigger's tires were Palmers, leaving longitudinal stripes. Aveling, the mathematical master, was sure upon the point. Therefore it is not Helldigger's track."

"The boy's, then?"

"Possibly, if we could prove a bicycle to have been in his possession. But this we have utterly failed to do. This track, as you perceive, was made by a rider who was going from the direction of the school."

"Or toward it?"

"No, no, my dear Watson. The more deeply sunk impression is, of course,

SHELBY SPRINGS, ALA.
Under New Management.
A delightful resort immune from fever, offers to refugees elegant accommodations and board at \$25 per month, \$7.50 per week. Everything first-class.

**SMOKE
A GOOD
ONE**

FRANCES

PRODUCED BY CIGAR MFG. CO. MOBILE, ALA.

the hind wheel, upon which the weight rests. You perceive several places where it has passed across and obliterated the more shallow mark of the front one. It was undoubtedly heading away from the school. It may or may not be connected with our inquiry, but we will follow it backward before we go any farther."

We did so, and at the end of a few hundred yards lost the tracks as we emerged from the boggy portion of the moor. Following the path backward, we picked out another spot where a spring trickled across it. Here, once again, was the mark of the bicycle, though nearly obliterated by the hoofs of cows. After that there was no sign, but the path ran right on into Ragged Shaw, the wood which backed on to the school. From this wood the cycle must have emerged. Holmes sat down on a bowlder and rested his chin in his hands. I had smoked two cigarettes before he moved.

"Well, well," said he at last. "It is of course possible that a cunning man might change the tire of his bicycle in order to leave unfamiliar tracks. A criminal who was capable of such a thought is a man whom I should be proud to do business with. We will leave this question undecided and hark back to our morass again, for we have left a good deal unexplored."

We continued our systematic survey of the edge of the sodden portion of the moor, and soon our perseverance was gloriously rewarded. Right across the lower part of the bog lay a myriad of Holmes gave a cry of delight as he approached it. An impression like a fine bundle of telegraph wires ran down the center of it. It was the Palmer tire.

"Here is Herr Helldigger, sure enough!" cried Holmes exultantly. "My reasoning seems to have been pretty sound, Watson."

"I congratulate you."

"But we have a long way still to go. Kindly walk clear of the path. Now let us follow the trail. I fear that it will not lead very far."

We found, however, as we advanced that this portion of the moor is intersected with soft patches, and, though we frequently lost sight of the track, we always succeeded in picking it up once more.

"Do you observe," said Holmes, "that the rider is now undoubtedly forcing the pace? There can be no doubt of it. Look at this impression, where you get both tires clear. The one is as deep as the other. That can only mean that the rider is throwing his weight on to the handle bar, as a man does when he is sprinting. By Jove, he has had a fall!"

There was a broad, irregular smudge covering some yards of the track. Then there were a few footmarks, and the tire reappeared once more.

"A side slip," I suggested.

Holmes held up a crumpled branch of flowering gorse. To my horror I perceived that the yellow blossoms were all dabbled with crimson. On the path, too, and among the heather were dark stains of clotted blood.

"Bad!" said Holmes. "Bad! Stand clear, Watson! Not an unnecessary footstep! What do I read here? He fell wounded—he stood up—he remounted—he proceeded. But there is no other track. Cattle on this side path. He was surely not gored by a bull? Impossible! But I see no traces of any one else. We must push on, Watson. Surely, with status as well as the track to guide, he cannot escape us now."

Our search was not a very long one. The tracks of the tire began to curve fantastically upon the wet and shining path. Suddenly, as I looked ahead, the gleam of metal caught my eye from amid the thick gorse bushes. Out of them we dragged a bicycle, Palmer tired, one pedal bent and the whole front of it horribly smeared and slobbered with blood. On the other side of the bushes a shoe was projecting. We ran round and there lay the unfortunate rider. He was a tall man,

full bearded, with spectacles, one glass of which had been knocked out. The cause of his death was a frightful blow upon the head, which had crushed in part of his skull. That he could have gone on after receiving such an injury said much for the vitality and courage of the man. He wore shoes, but no socks, and his open coat disclosed a nightshirt beneath it. It was undoubtedly the German master.

Holmes turned the body over reverently and examined it with great attention. He then sat in deep thought for a time, and I could see by his rufled brow that this grim discovery had not, in his opinion, advanced us much in our inquiry.

"It is a little difficult to know what to do, Watson," said he at last. "My own inclinations are to push this inquiry on, for we have already lost so much time that we cannot afford to waste another hour. On the other hand, we are bound to inform the police of the discovery and to see that this poor fellow's body is looked after."

"I could take a note back."

"But I need your company and assistance. Wait a bit! There is a fellow cutting peat up yonder. Bring him over here, and he will guide the police."

I brought the peasant across, and Holmes dispatched the frightened man with a note to Dr. Huxtable.

"Now, Watson," said he, "we have picked up two clues this morning. One is the bicycle with the Palmer tire, and we see what that has led to. The other is the bicycle with the patched Dunlop. Before we start to investigate that let us try to realize what we do know, so as to make the most of it and to separate the essential from the accidental."

"First of all, I wish to impress upon you that the boy certainly left of his own free will. He got down from his window, and he went off either alone or with some one. That is sure."

I assented.

"Well, now, let us turn to this unfortunate German master. The man was fully dressed when he fled. Therefore he foresaw what he would do. But the German went without his socks. He certainly acted on very short notice."

"Undoubtedly."

"Why did he go? Because from his bedroom window he saw the flight of the boy; because he wished to overtake him and bring him back. He seized his bicycle, pursued the lad and in pursuing him met his death."

"So it would seem."

"Now I come to the critical part of my argument. The natural action of a man in pursuing a little boy would be to run after him. He would know that he could overtake him. But the German does not do so. He turns to his bicycle. I am told that he was an excellent cyclist. He would not do this if he did not see that the boy had some swift means of escape."

"The other bicycle."

"Let us continue our reconstruction. He meets his death five miles from the school—not by a bullet, mark you, which even a lad might conceivably discharge, but by a savage blow dealt by a vigorous arm. The lad, then, had a companion in his flight. And the flight was a swift one, since it took five miles before an expert cyclist could overtake them. Yet we survey the ground round the scene of the tragedy. What do we find? A few cattle tracks, nothing more. I took a wide sweep round, and there is no path within fifty yards. Another cyclist could have had nothing to do with the actual murder, nor were there any human footmarks."

"Holmes," I cried, "this is impossible!"

"Admirable!" he said. "A most illuminating remark. It is impossible as I state it, and therefore I must in some respect have stated it wrong. Yet you saw for yourself. Can you suggest any fallacy?"

"He could not have fractured his skull in a fall?"

"In a morass, Watson?"

"I am at my wit's end."

"Tut, tut! We have solved some worse problems. At least we have plenty of material, if we can only use it. Come, then, and, having exhausted the Palmer, let us see what the Dunlop with the patched cover has to offer us."

We picked up the track and followed it outward for some distance, but soon the moor rose into a long heather tufted curve, and we left the water courses behind us. No further help from tracks could be hoped for. At the spot where we saw the last of the Dunlop tire it might equally have led to Holderness Hall, the stately towers of which rose some miles to our left, or to a low gray village which lay in front of us and marked the position of the Chesterfield highroad.

As we approached the forbidding and squallid inn with the sign of a gamecock above the door Holmes gave a sudden groan and clutched me by the shoulder to save himself from falling. He had had one of those violent strains of the ankle which leave a man helpless. With difficulty he limped up to the door, where a squat, dark elderly man was smoking a black clay pipe.

"How are you, Mr. Reuben Hayes?" said Holmes.

"Who are you, and how do you get my name so pat?" the countryman answered, with a suspicious flash of a pair of cunning eyes.

"Well, it's printed on the board above your head. It's easy to see a man who is master of his own house. I suppose you haven't such a thing as a carriage in your stables?"

"No, I have not."

"I can hardly put my foot to the ground."

"Don't put it to the ground."

"But I can't walk."

"Well, then, hop."

Mr. Reuben Hayes' manner was far from gracious, but Holmes took it with admirable good humor.

"Look here, my man," said he. "This is really rather an awkward fix for me. I don't mind how I get on."

CATARRH

A UNIVERSAL DISEASE

Catarrh usually begins with a cold in the head, but does not stop there. The mucous membranes all become inflamed and secrete a filthy, unhealthy matter which is absorbed by the blood and distributed to all parts of the body. The patient is then continually hawking and spitting, the nose is stopped up, the ears have a ringing or buzzing noise, the throat becomes sore, and as the unhealthy matter more thoroughly saturates the blood a general feeling of despondency takes possession of the system.

I had Catarrh for about fifteen years, and no man could have been worse. I tried everything I could hear of, but no good resulted. I then began S. S. S., and could see a little improvement from the first bottle, and after taking it a short while was cured. This was six years ago, and I am as well today as any man. I think Catarrh is a blood disease, and know there is nothing on earth better for the blood than S. S. S. No body thinks more of S. S. S. than I do. Lapeer, Mich. M. MATSON.

Local applications cannot cure Catarrh, because they do not reach the seat of the trouble. They allay the inflammation and temporarily relieve the disease, but as soon as they are left off the trouble returns. The only way to cure Catarrh is to treat it through the blood. S. S. S. soon clears the blood of all Catarrhal matter and purges it of all irritating poisons, checks further progress of the trouble and completely cures the disease. S. S. S. keeps the blood in perfect order so that it can eliminate from the system all waste matter that will produce Catarrh. Nothing equals this great vegetable remedy in the cure of this disease. Write for our book and any medical advice you wish. We make no charge for either.

SSS
PURELY VEGETABLE.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"Neither do I," said the morose landlord.

"The matter is very important. I would offer you a sovereign for the use of a bicycle."

The landlord picked up his ears.

"Where do you want to go?"

"To Holderness Hall."

"Pals of the dock, I suppose?" said the landlord, surveying our mud stained garments with ironical eyes.

Holmes laughed good naturedly.

"He'll be glad to see us anyhow."

"Why?"

"Because we bring him news of his lost son."

The landlord gave a very visible start.

"What, you're on his track?"

"He has been heard of in Liverpool. They expect to get him every hour."

Again a swift change passed over the heavy, unshaven face. His manner was suddenly genial.

"I've less reason to wish the dock well than most men," said he, "for I was his head coachman once, and cruel bad he treated me. It was him that sacked me without a character on the word of a lying corn chandler. But I'm glad to hear that the young fellow has taken the news to the hall."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "We'll have some food first. Then you can bring round the bicycle."

"I haven't got a bicycle."

Holmes held up a sovereign.

"I tell you, man, that I haven't got one. I'll let you have two horses as far as the hall."

"Well, well," said Holmes, "we'll talk about it when we've had something to eat."

When we were left alone in the stone flagged kitchen it was astonishing how rapidly that sprained ankle recovered. It was nearly nightfall, and we had eaten nothing since early morning, so that we spent some time over our meal. Holmes was lost in thought, and once or twice he walked over to the window and stared earnestly out. It opened on to a squalid courtyard. In the far corner was a smithy, where a grimy lad was at work. On the other side were the stables. Holmes had sat down again after one of these excursions, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with a loud exclamation.

"By heaven, Watson, I believe that I've got it!" he cried. "Yes, yes, it must be so! Watson, do you remember seeing any cow tracks today?"

"Yes, several."

"Where?"

"Well, everywhere. They were at the morass and again near where poor Helldigger met his death."

"Exactly. Well, now, Watson, how many cows did you see on the moor?"

"I don't remember seeing any."

"Strange, Watson, that we should see tracks all along our line, but never a cow on the whole moor. Very strange, Watson, eh?"

"Yes, it is strange."

"Now, Watson, make an effort. Throw your mind back. Can you see those tracks upon the path?"

"Yes, I can."

"Can you recall that the tracks were something like that, Watson?"—he arranged a number of breadcrumbs in this fashion—: : : :— "and sometimes like this"—: : : :— "and occasionally like this"—: : : :—

"Can you remember that?"

"No, I cannot."

"But I can. I could swear to it. However, we will go back to our leisure and verify it. What a blind beetle I have been not to draw my conclusion!"

"And what is your conclusion?"

"Only that it is a remarkable cow which walks, canters and gallops. By George, Watson, it was no brain of a country publican that thought out such a blind as that. The coast seems to be clear save for that lad in the smithy. Let us slip out and see what we can see."

There were two rough haired, unkempt horses in the tumble-down stable. Holmes raised the hind leg of one of them and laughed aloud.

"Old shoes, but newly shod, old

shoes, but new nails. This case deserves to be a classic. Let us go across to the smithy."

The lad continued his work without regarding us. I saw Holmes' eye darting to right and left among the litter of iron and wood which was scattered about the floor. Suddenly, however, we heard a step behind us, and there was the landlord, his heavy eyebrows drawn down over his savage eyes, his swarthy features convulsed with passion. He held a short, metal headed stick in his hand, and he advanced in so menacing a fashion that I was right glad to feel the revolver in my pocket.

"You infernal spies!" the man cried.

"What are you doing there?"

"Why, Mr. Reuben Hayes," said Holmes coolly, "one might think that you were afraid of our finding something out."

The man mastered himself with a violent effort, and his grim mouth loosened into a false laugh, which was more menacing than his frown.

"You're welcome to all you can find out in my smithy," said he. "But look here, mister, I don't care for folk poking about my place without my leave, so the sooner you pay your score and get out of this the better I shall be pleased."

"All right, Mr. Hayes; no harm meant," said Holmes. "We have been having a look at your horses, but I think I'll walk, after all. It's not far, I believe."

"Not more than two miles to the hall gates. That's the road to the left."

He watched us with sullen eyes until we had left his premises.

We did not go very far along the road, for Holmes stopped the instant that the curve hid us from the landlord's view.

"We were warm, as the children say, at that inn," said he. "I seem to grow colder every step that I take away from it. No, no; I can't possibly leave it."

"I am convinced," said I, "that this Reuben Hayes knows all about it. A more self evident villain I never saw."

"Oh, he impressed you in that way, did he? There are the horses, there is the smithy. Yes, it is an interesting place, this Fighting Cock. I think we shall have another look at it in an unobtrusive way."

A long, sloping hillside dotted with gray limestone boulders stretched behind us. We had turned off the road and were making our way up the hill when, looking in the direction of Holderness Hall, I saw a cyclist coming swiftly along.

"Get down, Watson," cried Holmes, with a heavy hand upon my shoulder. We had hardly sunk from view when the man flew past us on the road. Amid a rolling cloud of dust I caught a glimpse of a pale, agitated face—a face with horror in every lineament, the mouth open, the eyes staring wildly in front. It was like some strange caricature of the dapper James Wilder whom we had seen the night before.

"The duke's secretary?" cried Holmes. "Come, Watson; let us see what he does."

We scrambled from rock to rock until in a few moments we had made our way to a point from which we could see the front door of the inn. Wilder's bicycle was leaning against the wall beside it. No one was moving about the house, nor could we catch a glimpse of any faces at the windows. Slowly the twilight crept down as the sun sank behind the high towers of Holderness Hall. Then in the gloom we saw the two side lamps of a trap light up in the stable yard of the inn and shortly afterward heard the rattle of hoofs as it wheeled out into the road and tore off at a furious pace in the direction of Chesterfield.

"What do you make of that, Watson?" Holmes whispered.

"It looks like a flight."

"A single man in a dogcart, so far as I could see. Well, it certainly was not Mr. James Wilder, for there he is at the door."

A red square of light had sprung out of the darkness. In the middle of it was the black figure of the secretary, his head advanced, peering out into the night. It was evident that he was expecting some one. Then at last there were steps in the road, a second figure was visible for an instant against the light, the door shut and all was black once more. Five minutes later a lamp was lit in a room upon the first floor.

"It seems to be a curious class of custom that is done by the Fighting Cock," said Holmes.

"The bar is on the other side."

"Quite so. These are what one may call the private guests. Now, what in the world is Mr. James Wilder doing in that den at this hour of night, and who is the companion who comes to meet him there? Come, Watson, we must really take a risk and try to investigate this a little more closely."

Together we stole down to the road and crept across to the door of the inn. The bicycle still leaned against the wall. Holmes struck a match and held it to the back wheel, and I heard him chuckle as the light fell upon a patched Dunlop tire. Up above us was the lighted window.

"I must have a peep through that, Watson. If you bend your back and support yourself upon the wall I think that I can manage."

An instant later his feet were on my shoulders, but he was hardly up before he was down again.

"Come, my friend," said he, "our day's work has been quite long enough. I think that we have gathered all that we can. It's a long walk to the school, and the sooner we get started the better."

He hardly opened his lips during that weary trudge across the moor, nor would he enter the school when he reached it, but went on to Mackleton station, whence he could send some telegrams. Late at night I heard him consoling Dr. Huxtable, prostrated by the tragedy of his master's death, and

later still he entered my room as alert and vigorous as he had been when he started in the morning. "All goes well, my friend," said he. "I promise that before tomorrow evening we shall have reached the solution of the mystery."

At 11 o'clock next morning my friend and I were walking up the famous grey avenue of Holderness Hall. We were ushered through the magnificent Elizabethan doorway and into his grace's study. There we found Mr. James Wilder, demure and courtly, but with some trace of that wild terror of the night before still lurking in his furtive eyes and in his twitching features.

"You have come to see his grace? I am sorry, but the fact is that the duke is far from well. He has been very much upset by the tragic news. We received a telegram from Dr. Huxtable yesterday afternoon, which told us of your discovery."

"I must see the duke, Mr. Wilder."

"But he is in his room."

"Then I must go to his room."

"I believe he is in his bed."

"I will see him there."

Holmes' cold and inexorable manner showed the secretary that it was useless to argue with him.

"Very good, Mr. Holmes. I will tell him that you are here."

After an hour's delay the great nobleman appeared. His face was more cadaverous than ever, his shoulders had rounded, and he seemed to me to be an altogether older man than he had been

Never shall I forget the duke's appearance as he sprang up and clawed with his hands, like one who is sinking into an abyss. Then, with an extraordinary effort of aristocratic self command, he sat down and sank his face in his hands. It was some minutes before he spoke.

"How much do you know?" he asked at last without raising his head.

"I saw you together last night."

"Does any one else beside your friend know?"

"I have spoken to no one."

The duke took a pen in his quivering fingers and opened his check book.

"I shall be as good as my word, Mr. Holmes. I am about to write your check, however unwelcome the information which you have gained may be to me. When the offer was first made I little thought the turn which events might take. But you and your friend are men of discretion, Mr. Holmes."

"I hardly understand your grace."

"I must put it plainly, Mr. Holmes. If only you two knew of this incident there is no reason why it should go any further. I think £12,000 is the sum that I owe you, is it not?"

But Holmes smiled and shook his head.

"I fear, your grace, that matters can hardly be arranged so easily. There is the debt of this schoolmaster to be accounted for."

"But James knew nothing of that. You cannot hold him responsible for that. It was the work of this brutal ruffian whom he had the misfortune to employ."

"I must take the view, your grace, that when a man embarks upon a crime he is morally guilty of any other crime which may spring from it."

"Morally, Mr. Holmes; no doubt you are right; but surely not in the eyes of the law. A man cannot be condemned for a murder at which he was not present and which he loathes and abhors as much as you do. The instant that he heard of it he made a complete confession to me, so filled was he with horror and remorse. He lost not an hour in breaking entirely with the murderer. Oh, Mr. Holmes, you must save him—you must save him! I tell you that you must save him!"

The duke had dropped the last attempt at self command and was peering the room with a convulsed face and with his clinched hands waving in the air. At last he mastered himself and sat down once more at his desk. "I appreciate your conduct in coming here before you spoke to any one else," said he. "At least we may take counsel how far we can minimize this hideous scandal."

"Exactly," said Holmes. "I think, your grace, that this can only be done by absolute frankness between us. I am disposed to help your grace to the best of my ability, but in order to do so I must understand to the last detail how the matter stands. I realize that your words applied to Mr. James Wilder and that he is not the murderer."

"No, the murderer has escaped."

Sherlock Holmes smiled demurely.

"Your grace can hardly have heard of any small reputation which I possess or you would not imagine that it is so easy to escape me. Mr. Reuben Hayes was arrested at Chesterfield on my information at 11 o'clock last night. I had a telegram from the head of the local police before I left the school this morning."